

*Featuring*

**HAINES HOUSE**  
**HAINES, ALASKA**



*Time out for lunch—an outing high in the hills*

*Featuring*

## HAINES HOUSE HAINES, ALASKA

SNUGGLED down between two majestic mountain ranges, and overlooking Lynn Canal, lies the town of Haines. To the right of the town is Haines House. The campus, farm, and pasturage cover over 266 acres, bordered on one side by the main street of Haines, on the front by Lynn Canal, on the farther side by Chilkoot Barracks, and then stretching back for about a mile toward the beautiful Chilkat River along whose banks the new Haines cut-off to the Alaskan Highway is built. Here, amid the majestic beauty of this setting, Haines House evolved.

### BEGINNINGS

Let us go back to the year 1880. At that time the Board of National Missions began a school for the Indians. Later it acquired occupancy rights to over 366 acres of property to develop missionary work among the natives of Haines, Alaska. The government requested the release of 100 acres for the army post now known as Chilkoot Barracks. This was released without charge, and in 1912 a patent was issued by the government to the Board for the remaining acres. On this site a little log cabin was built. This burned and a hospital, a church, and a manse were erected.

During the first World War the hospital was taken over by the government. Following the war it was left idle for awhile until, in response to an appeal from all of Southeastern Alaska for some provision for the many small orphans

and destitute Alaskan Indian children entirely without school facilities or even civilized homes, the hospital building was converted into a children's home. A dairy and farm were added and a farmer's cottage built. The home soon became too crowded to hold all the children who needed care, and in 1927 another house was built, with an enclosed passageway between the two buildings. This building (Wheeler Hall) became the boys' house.

During the early months of the second World War, Haines was the scene of great activity in connection with the defense of the Pacific coast. Troops were brought in, barracks built, roads put through. As the war emergency passed and the men moved elsewhere, conditions quieted down.

### SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

The children come to Haines House from villages and towns all over Southeastern Alaska, and occasionally from the west. As a rule they

come because they are orphans with no one to care for them; or because they live in isolated places and need to be in the Home in order to

attend school. The majority, however, are children whose parents will not take the responsibility of their care; these cases are very pitiful.

The children come to the Home many times in poor physical condition. To many who have had to learn to live by their wits, truth, cleanliness, and the Christian way of living do not mean much. After a few weeks' exposure to wholesome living, however, they begin to change. Good food, daily cleansing, regular sleeping habits, supervised play, and daily Christian education change them into happy, healthy boys and girls with a real interest in life. To watch them develop in their Christian life, to have them realize that truth, honesty, clean thoughts, and dependability are necessary to their best living, is very satisfying.

There is no school in connection with the Home. The children attend the government school in the native village about three blocks away. They stay at the Home until they are ready for the seventh grade and then in many cases go on to Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka.

### A REAL HOME

Those who have been at the Home any length of time feel that Haines House is their real home. For instance, recently, after oil burners had been installed in the furnaces, the boys were



*Brushing  
teeth  
becomes  
a habit*



so delighted with the new arrangement that of their own accord they tore down the partition between the now unused coal bin and their playroom. They cleaned it out thoroughly and made a fine addition to the playroom. More help came from three Sheldon Jackson boys, former Haines residents, who returned during summer vacation to work about the place and earn their tuition for another year. Again, when the farmer faced the problem of harvesting fourteen tons of potatoes without help, the children pitched in and did it themselves. Then they had a fire on the beach and roasted potatoes and wienies, with the once-a-month birthday cake for dessert. This cake—plus candles and a gift apiece—is the celebration for all of the children whose birthday comes during that month.

One boy who went on to Sheldon Jackson School attended school in the winter and fished in the summer to pay for his tuition. One summer he made a large amount of money. After paying his bills, buying a few war bonds, and paying his sister's tuition at school for a year, he sent Haines House \$20 to show his appreciation for what the Home had done for him.

Another young man who has just completed professional training wrote to a member of the staff, "I can never forget my stay there though the months were very few, and I wish now that they could have been more. I certainly hope you

give some other children the proper steer along life's path."

The little children have Sunday school and worship services at the Home; the older children share in the life of the Haines church. "The period of the day that is most precious to me," writes the director, "is the vesper service that I hold with the older children each evening; or the many times when some little tot opens my door and says, 'I want a Jesus book.'"

Haines House is just the beginning of the trail for these boys and girls. We cannot take credit for their successes, but the aim of the Home is to give them the solid foundation of healthful Christian living upon which they can build as they go through life. In doing so we look for guidance to Christ who taught us the good way of life.

*Willing hands prepare fish for canning*



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# HAINES HOUSE

*Work started in 1880 by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, as a day school taught by native wife of American trader—64 pupils, 5 books. In 1921, after several changes, organized as home for Alaskan children. Haines House now has capacity for 40 boys and girls.*

*Director, Mr. Allan H. Frank. Staff of 10.*

## **Why the work was started**

To Sheldon Jackson, pioneer Alaska missionary, education was part of the preaching of the gospel. As first U. S. General Agent of Education, he opened schools throughout the territory. The southeastern part of the area was quite thickly populated. The children needed education, and the school was begun.

## **Changes**

The Rev. E. S. Willard and his wife came in 1881. A house was provided and land was bought. After serious early difficulties, arising from isolation, lack of supplies, and the prevalent belief in witchcraft, the mission station was well established.

Haines was made a post office, but for a long time there was only one ship a year. The day school was transferred to the government, a church was started and then, in 1896, was destroyed by fire. But the next year the great gold rush to the Klondike began, and, as Haines was a seaport near the gold-rush center at Skagway, a colony of Americans developed. New buildings were put up for the mission, including a home for children where industrial training was given. This was later discontinued, and the building remodeled for hospital and dispensary service.

When a new government hospital was opened in Juneau, the capital, and other medical service was planned, for a while the mission building was not used. Meanwhile churches, government welfare workers, and others were asking the mission and the Board to do something for children who needed a home. That led, in 1921, to the establishment of Haines House for children, in the former hospital building.

## **Life at Haines**

The boys and girls, living in the two cottages that form "Haines House," keep the staff of ten

more than busy. The children come in some cases from broken homes, where illness or death or unsuitable family conditions make it undesirable for them to remain. In other cases they come because their parents live beyond the reach of schools and Christian churches, and want their children to have these advantages. As far as a group of this size can live the life of a normal, cheerful Christian family, they live that life at Haines. The boys and girls attend the village school (which includes both white and native pupils), help with the work about the house and farm, go fishing and on picnics, attend church and Sunday school, grow up in an atmosphere where they learn to know and love Jesus Christ as Friend and Guide in every situation.

Some can return home in a short time. Others stay until they finish grade school. On leaving Haines, some continue school, either at Sheldon Jackson Junior College in Sitka or at a government institution. Others go to work, but with the advantage of the good background of Haines House.

### ***The work continues***

The need for special care for children is always present, and is particularly marked wherever two races are in contact. Not only the churches and the Christian community, but the Alaska Native Service, and the Territorial Department of Welfare appreciate Haines House and refer children to it. Admittance now is solely on the basis of need, not race. This Presbyterian project continues to be of wide value throughout the southeastern part of the territory.



# THE HOUSE CALLED HAINES HOUSE



PRIMARY FRIENDSHIP PACK

## PAGE FOR GROWN-UPS

**H**AINES, ALASKA, is less than 100 miles north of Juneau. It is surrounded by towering mountains and fronted by water. Haines House stands at the edge of the little town, between Lynn Canal and the Alaska Highway. The campus, including farm, and pasturage, covers 266 acres. There are two large dormitories for staff and children, connected by an enclosed passageway. The newer one, Wheeler Hall, houses the boys. The farmer has his own cottage.

Some Haines House children are actually orphans, or half orphans. Others have parents who are not able to be responsible for them. Many come undernourished and with low vitality, needing desperately the regular routine, wholesome food, and Christian care which Haines House is able to provide. Haines House has a fine health service in cooperation with the government health service of the Territory. This includes a floating clinic, a hospital boat with complete equipment for laboratory tests. Haines House children are usually full of fun, mischief, noise, and lovable friendliness.

There is no school in connection with Haines House. The children attend the government school three blocks away in the village. They attend the bi-racial village church. The smaller children have Sunday school in the Home. Vesper services fittingly close each day.

Most of the children belong to the Thlingit, Haida, or Tsimpsian tribes. Many, from mixed marriages, have Scandinavian or Russian names and features. At the home they are encouraged in their native handicrafts for which they have considerable talent.

After Haines House children reach junior high age, they often go to Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka. They find various ways of showing their gratitude to friends who make their childhood home possible.



This is the house called Haines House.

This is Haines House in Alaska.  
Haines House is big.  
It looks like two houses.  
Boys live in one part of it.  
Girls live in another part of it.  
They work and play here.  
They eat and sleep and study here.  
They go to school and to church in  
other buildings in town.





These are the boys who live in the house called Haines House.

Here are some of the boys.

They are Alaskans.

They live at Haines House because they  
need a home.

Presbyterian people gave them their  
home.

The boys say, "Hello, friends!

We thank you!"

The boys play.  
Today they are playing marbles.  
Do you think they can shoot straight?  
They like to play other things.  
They like to swim and play in the water  
and walk on stilts.



This is the play of the boys who live in the house called Haines House.



These are the girls who, along with the boys, live in the house called Haines House.

Here are some of the girls.

They are Alaskans, too.

They live at Haines House because they need a home.

Guess who gave them this home.

They say, "Thank you very much!"





This is the work and play of the girls who, along with the boys, live in the house called Haines House.

Girls help with the work, too.  
They help their housemother.  
They keep their rooms clean.  
They make the beds.  
When they finish their work they may  
play with their dolls.



This is the water often seen by the boys and also the girls who work and play in the house called Haines House.

From Haines House the boys and girls  
see mountains.

They can see water, too.

Mountains and water are very beautiful  
in Alaska.

Here are some fishing boats.  
Boys and girls at Haines House know  
all about boats.  
They make little boats.  
They ride in boats.  
They eat fish that are caught from boats.



These are the boats that sail on the water often seen by the boys and also the girls who work and play in the house called Haines House.





This is a fish that was caught from a boat that sailed on the water often seen by the boys and also the girls who work and play in the house called Haines House.

All the boys at Haines House help with the work.

See them cut up this big fish.

Do you think they will help eat it, too?

They eat good food to keep them well and strong.

Milk comes from their cows, and also from cans.

Vegetables come from their garden.



This is some music that has nothing to do with the fish that was caught from the boat that sailed on the water often seen by the boys and also the girls who work and play in the house called Haines House.

Some girls can play the piano.

It is fun to play.

It is hard work, too.

Some day these girls may play for Sunday  
school and church.

They will play, and everybody will sing,  
"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

# GOODBYE! WE'LL BE BACK



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# My Notebook on Haines House



Haines



On June 4, 1953, the S.S. *Prince George* docked at Port Chilkoot, Alaska. This stop for the 197 members of the Presbyterian Alaska Cruise meant a visit to Haines House, a home for about forty boys and girls from all over Alaska. Since Haines House is your Friendship Frontier in Southeastern Alaska, we thought that it would be fun to pretend that you were aboard, too.

After the cruise, each passenger received a report of the trip. Here are your Cruise Notes from Haines, Alaska.



The town of Haines from a nearby hill. Haines House is circled. Above is Port Chilkoot; at left is the dock where our big ship tied up. The mountain range makes the houses look like toys.



## We Dock

THE *Prince George* moved slowly up the Lynn Canal, giving us time to see the whole stretch of land about Haines. We could see the L-shaped dock of Port Chilkoot and the village of Haines about a half mile to the north. The Chilkoot Mountain range

which towered above the town was an exciting sight. It is said to be the most spectacular range in all Southeastern Alaska.

While the captain was maneuvering the *Prince George* close to the dock, we waved back and forth to those who crowded there to greet us. Our guide, Dr. Earl Jackman, told us that ships as big as the *Prince George* do not often come to Port Chilkoot, and everyone who could came down to see the ship dock.



## Tommy

THE minute the gangplank touched the dock, Tommy, one of the Haines House boys, bounded up with an armload of pamphlets. He was as excited as could be about the *Prince George*, for although he had grown up in a fishing village in the Bristol Bay

Area, he had never seen a luxury liner before. "Gee," he said, "I didn't know a ship could be so beautiful."

Tommy would have liked to tour the ship, and we would have liked to show him around it, but there wasn't time. Our visit to Haines had to be quick, so our guide hurried us all down onto the dock. Tommy stood at the head of the gangplank to answer questions. He gave each of us one of his pamphlets—*The History of Haines House*.

## On to Haines

The minute our feet touched the dock we were surrounded by cries of "Welcome! Welcome to Haines!" Everyone seemed delighted to have us visit.

We set out almost at once on the half-mile walk to Haines. As we started out the children told us that Port Chilkoot was once the oldest army base in Alaska. Some of the old barracks still stand and are part of the new town. They pointed in the direction of an inlet not too far away where many Haines people work in a cannery during the summer.





**F**INALLY we reached the three buildings at the edge of the town of Haines that are important to many children of Alaska.

Haines House is a double building. The boys live in the left part,

the girls in the right. The children too young to go to school have their own sleeping and play rooms on the top floor of the girls' building.

Next door is the new home of the director of Haines House, the Reverend Donald A. Schwab.



## *The Farm*

**W**E started our tour of Haines House from the outside—seeing the farm and gardens first. The barn is everybody's favorite place. The little children like to play with the kittens there and watch the older boys take care of the cows and chickens. Several boys are raising their own calves for 4-H Club projects. (We discovered that two of the Haines



Next door to the director's house is the Presbyterian Church where the children spend many hours.



The Haines cabbage crop last year was no small one. Bill Wiley, now in the Army, is the fellow holding the cabbage.

House leaders, Mrs. Turner and Miss Berg, started the 4-H Club for the children of Haines House as well as for the children who live in town.)

Some of the 4-H'ers have gardens, and they had much to say about making straight rows and keeping the weeds pulled. The vegetables grow ever so large because of the good care they get in addition to the near perfect weather. In fact the cabbages grow so big that it is said that once a visitor to Southeastern Alaska inspected the cabbage crop, picked out a nice-sized head, and then said, "Let this grow a bit more and send me down a barrel of sauerkraut." It could almost be true!

The gardens are going to be

Billy was especially keen about showing us the calf he's raising as his 4-H project. Other boys had calves to show, too.

bigger and better than ever this year, the children said, as they showed us the new tractor in the barn. The home church of one of the Haines helpers, Bill Wiley, sent it as a special gift.



They watched a crane swing the tractor out of the hold.

## The Children


On our way into Haines House we went through the kitchen. The girls gave us samples of breads and cookies that they were baking for their 4-H projects. Um—wonderful! That's all the description you need.

We saw some of the fine sewing other 4-H'ers are doing. You should see their beautiful French seams and bound buttonholes.

"Now, come, see us!" coaxed the little children. (There were six of them—five boys and one girl—too young to go to school.) Up the stairs we went to their playroom. Their "mommy" told us that each morning after breakfast they straighten up their playroom and bedroom. Everyone makes his or her own bed, without help, although Pat, who sleeps on the top bunk because he's the best climber at Haines, sometimes needs a bit of help.

They are learning to sweep and mop—and clean the windows. It's more fun to mop than sweep, so they take turns.

When we asked what the children like to do best, they all laughed and shouted, "Play!" The swings, slides, and trees in the yard are in use every day.



## The Tractor

WHILE we were walking in from the yard the boys told us about the night the new tractor arrived. Word came that it was aboard a ship at the Chilkoot dock, and everyone who could went down to watch the men unload it. Boxes and crates came out of the hold of the ship, but not the tractor. Night came, and the children had to go back to Haines House.

The farmer and a few of the supervisors waited at the dock. About nine o'clock the captain invited them up onto the bridge of the ship where they watched a crane swing the tractor up out of the hold and then down into a waiting truck. Mr. Turner, the farmer, was so pleased about the new tractor that he sat in it as a truck took it to Haines House.





Whatever the season there are lots of things to do—Benny and Carol found a daisy field one spring day and picked a big bouquet for those who had to spend the day in school.



No one's sad when winter comes. If sleds get stuck in the deep snow around the house, the fence makes a good getting off place.

WE had just finished our tour of the house when we heard the whistle of the *Prince George*. It was getting dark and time for us to go back to the dock. The children climbed up on the fence to watch us go. They waved and called: "Good-by, good-by. Come see us again."

Maybe we will — some day.





A

BOAT

TRIP

TO

SKAGWAY

By OLIVE FISHER\*

ONE Saturday morning the children were especially eager to get their cleaning and mopping done—it was Decoration Day and there was going to be a trip to Skagway on the boat *Sheldon Jackson II*.

At two o'clock the work was finished, and everyone got on the big truck and rode to the dock. The little ones were excited as they ran over the deck of the boat! Little Georgie shouted, "A boat, a boat, a *big* boat." Bill Wiley and Mr. Turner helped loosen the ropes that held the boat to the dock and away sailed the *Sheldon Jackson II*.

Haines House grew smaller and smaller, and then it, the school, and the town disappeared as the boat rounded a bend. Everywhere were mountains and water. "Look at the pretty waterfalls," Elaine shouted. David looked through the binoculars to see if he could find mountain goats.

Miss Turner and Miss Downer, two Haines House workers, were kept busy helping the little ones up and down the ladder leading to the top deck. "Whee, look at the big waterfall," called Clara. "Oh, oh, see the porpoise racing the boat," shouted Tommy. How exciting it was to watch them jumping from the waves, too.

When the boat reached the dock and everyone climbed the ramp there was a TRAIN. Some of the boys and girls had never seen one. Their eyes got bigger and bigger as they watched the engines move the freight cars; then switch one to another track to be filled and then to unload ore to a ship waiting at the dock. "Look at the fire in the engine!" "See the man at the window!" "He waved at me!" "Look at the smoke!" came the shouts as the little ones watched.

What fun it was to visit the curio shops, window-shop, and look at things in the hardware store. "We have hammers like this in Haines," said Ervin. "Here's

\*Miss Fisher is one of the five supervisors at Haines House.

some carrot seeds like I planted in my garden," shouted George.

Everyone ate in a cafe. Hamburgers suited our pocketbooks best, so 'most everyone had one. Six or seven crowded into a booth, but it was still fun. Esther said, as she ate her hamburger, "Miss Kennedy can cook better than this."

Dessert was strawberry ice cream soda, the first for some! "Watch it go through the straw," exclaimed Albert. "Oh! Tommy hit the bottom," said Billy as he heard the noise. To see if he could, Benny blew his straw to see his "pop" bubble. "Oh, look at the clock!" said Mrs. Schwab. It was time to go back to the boat.

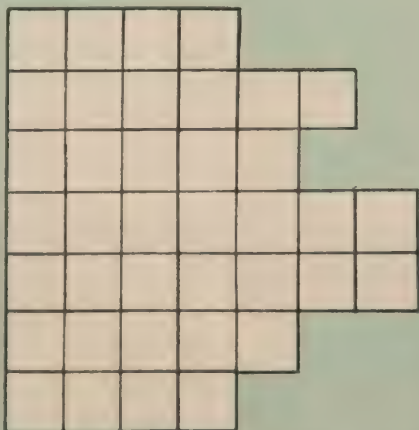
Sailing back to Haines was a chilly and sleepy trip. For those



who could keep awake there were more porpoises, more waterfalls, an eagle, cookies, and kool-ade. When the boat docked a sleepy family climbed on the truck and rode home to Haines House. After their baths, the children said, "Thank you, God, for a happy, happy day," snuggled in their beds, and went to sleep.

## HAINES HOUSE PUZZLE I

What is the chief industry of Alaska? Fill in the squares. The first row down will spell it.



1. Salmon and Halibut are two kinds of \_\_\_\_\_ caught in Alaska.
2. People in Southeastern Alaska do not live in \_\_\_\_\_.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ carry passengers up the canal to Haines.
4. Cars may reach Haines from a junction of the Alaskan \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Southeastern Alaska is made up of hundreds of small \_\_\_\_\_.
6. Three-fourths of Alaska is in the \_\_\_\_\_ Temperate Zone.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ mining is an important industry.



# HOW HAINES HOUSE CAME

## An Historical Summary

**1867** — The United States purchased Alaska from Russia.

**1879** — S. Hall Young, called the "preacher chief," made a canoe trip from Wrangell, Alaska, to an Indian village on the Chilkat River. Bullets showered the water close to the canoe, but the "preacher chief's" guide said that this was a welcome salute and continued to paddle toward shore.

Dr. Young persuaded the Indians to establish a Christian town. They chose a tract of land along the shore.

On his next visit to the town, Dr. Young "stepped off" about 540 acres. In the early 1900's, 100 acres of this land was given to the government for an army base and is now Port Chilkoot.

**1881** — July 8, a boat came from Sitka with the Rev. Eugene S. Willard, his wife, and small daughter aboard. The boat also carried the material for their home. They were the first missionaries ever to settle among the Chilkat Indians.

August 8, the mission school opened with twenty-five pupils.

**1882** — The new town was called "Haines" in honor of Mrs. F. E. H. Haines, a New York woman who

spent many years of her life working to help open needed mission stations.

**1883** — The Willard family, which now included a baby son, took three small Indian children in to live with them. A boarding school was built to take care of children like these three who were in danger of slavery and the cruel treatment of parents who believed in witchcraft.

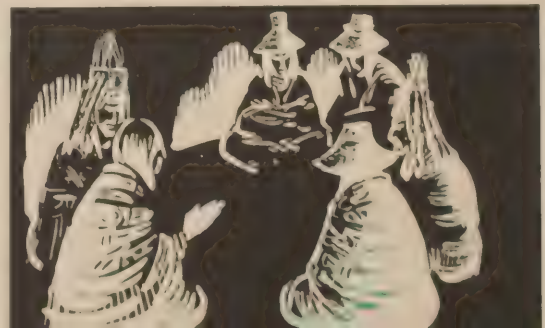
**1884** — The daughter of Chief Klanot died at Fort Wrangell, another mission school. The council of Indians who lived about Haines decided that the lives of two white children were needed to atone for the death of the chief's daughter. Since the Willard children were the only white children about, they were in great danger. At the last minute the chief announced that the decision was not to be carried out.

**1885** — The Willards were moved to Sitka because of the danger to their children.

**1896** — The boarding school burned.

**1897** — The present three-story building was put up. It was used as a boarding school until 1907.

**1907** — The boarding school building was used as a hospital. Army doctors





TO BE



from the new Fort William H. Seward helped out.

**1917** — The mission hospital was closed because a government hospital was built at Juneau.

**1921** — The mission buildings were again used for a home, called Haines House, for children. These children were orphans, half orphans, or came from homes where parents were sick or unable to take care of them. They went to a government school for native children.

**1927** — So many children needed to live at Haines House that another three-story building was put up. A glassed-in passage connected the old and new buildings.

**1929** — Three cows and two calves were the start of the Haines dairy herd.

**1930** — A new barn and a large silo (the first in Southeastern Alaska) were added to the Haines buildings.

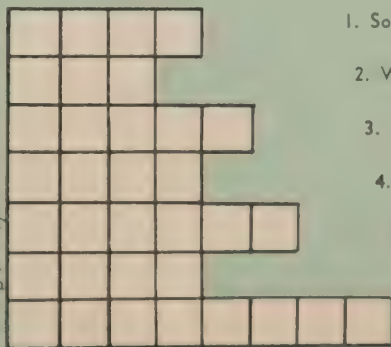
**1947** — The government closed its school at Haines, and the children began attending the town school.

**1951** — The present director, the Reverend Donald A. Schwab, came from California with his family.

**1953** — A new cottage named for the Willards was built for the director. Forty boys and girls who needed home background had it at Haines House.

## HAINES HOUSE PUZZLE II

Who were the first missionaries to build a home and establish a mission at Haines, Alaska? Fill in the squares. The first row down will spell their name.



1. Southeastern Alaska weather is ——— in summer.
2. Winter brings ——— and snow.
3. Haines House boys and girls ——— in school.
4. Haines House is near the ——— Canal.
5. Haines is situated in the territory of ———.
6. There is plenty of ——— for the crops.
7. Some people in Southeastern Alaska still use ———  
——— to pull their sleds.







# games

**HA-GOO** — A Thlingit (TLING-git) Indian game. Choose two sides with leaders and line them up facing each other. The leader on one side waves a banner, a bright piece of cloth fastened to a stick, and calls "Ha-goo," or "Come over." All those on his side make funny faces or say funny things as a child comes from the other side. If he smiles even a little, he is out of the game. If he keeps a straight face, he captures the flag and takes it to his side. The game goes on till all but one have failed, the winning side being the one to have the banner last.

**THLINGIT GUESSING GAME.** One child is "it". Count out and give to him twenty or more small sticks. He arranges these in a series of groups. The others in the game all keep their eyes closed until he calls "ready." Then each one shouts his guess. The first one giving the correct number of groups becomes "it."

**ALASKAN "FRUIT BASKET."** Seat the children in a circle. Give them the names of some of the things listed below. The leader stands in the center of the circle and calls the names aloud. When each name is called the children with that name exchange seats. When he says "Alaska," all must change seats. If the leader gets a seat the child who is out becomes leader.

Water	Salmon	Auto
Mountains	Totem pole	Rain
Fur	Boat	Docks
Dog	Ice	Highway
Tree	Snow	Airplane
Sled	Flowers—violets, forget-me-nots, daffodil, narcissus	Islands

Games adapted from "Alaskan Play Hour," by Katherine E. Gladfelter, in *Play Hours*, Edland, Gladfelter, and others. (The Board of Foreign Missions, The Board of National Missions, Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., 1926)

Haines House,  
Haines,  
Alaska



## After a Year at Haines House

JEANNETTE DAWSON

I OFTEN FEEL that living in Alaska is like participating in great music, at times in a minor key, strange and disturbing; at times, sharp and agitated; again, a warm, sweet lullaby.

Music assumed considerable importance in the Haines' community and church life, too, last fall. The last boat brought us a Baldwin electronic organ for our Presbyterian church, at present the only church in our town of 300. By early Thursday afternoon we had installed it as completely as we knew how, but a strange burbling distorted the tones, making the instrument unplayable. The chief electronics expert at Juneau promised to come the next day to help us.

The whole week had been clear and beautiful, but Friday dawned cloudy and downcast. Wind and rain prevented a plane from coming that day and Saturday. Sunday was clearer, but as our morning service began, the plane still had not arrived. We had to sing to the tones of the old pump organ, resurrected from the basement.

Worst of all, the scheduled service of dedication had to be postponed. Our five choirs, ranging from the tiny cherubs in their white surplices through the younger girls in scarlet and the boys in skipper blue to the high school and adult choirs in more stately black gowns—were all to sing at this service, over one hundred children and adults. Hank Hartmann, our fine young minister whose dreaming and enthusiastic leadership had largely brought about the purchase of the organ, was to sail on Tuesday for the annual meetings of Alaska Presbytery. He would not be in Haines to conduct the dedication service the following Sunday. Then, in the midst of the sermon, all ears were rewarded by the sound of a plane, and at the end of the service the

burly, plaid-shirted figure of the electronics specialist, was seen in the back of the sanctuary. He went to work immediately, found the faulty tube, and the necessary replacement tube was found right in Haines. Then, the volume control of our \$3,000 organ was fixed simply by the use of Hank's little daughter's hypodermic needle from her plastic doctor set. Two of my older girls were immediately put to work to call the choir members for a special evening service of dedication. Since many do not have phones, the boys from Haines House volunteered to carry the message by foot to almost every family in town.

The result was an even more thrilling service than might have been held in the morning. The added difficulties had increased our anticipation and appreciation of our new organ. The church was filled to capacity. After a litany of dedication and prayers, the organ pealed out its first notes for the people—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." The church fairly rocked with the singing. It was one of the most inspirational experiences of my year in Haines. Later in the service, Ruth Hartmann, the minister's wife, played the beautiful "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and other music.

Music has in particular touched the hearts of some of my children. The seven-through-eleven-year-olds enjoy the more classical records, but the older girls, twelve-to-eighteen, vastly prefer the "South Pacific" and Kern and Gershwin records to Brahms and Chopin. There are two significant exceptions, however, two older girls who come from disturbed backgrounds, to whom music is beginning to offer a glorious outlet for tied-up emotions and tensions. They can listen with real appreciation, but, more than that, they themselves are beginning to play.



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There is still much room for growth, but the girl's finer nature seems often to be triumphing over the more animalistic elements that had been allowed to flourish. It finds its expression in organ and piano music, and even in composing her own. To watch this kind of creativity is refreshing by comparison with the conventional movie-star, comic book interests of the other girls. It is thrilling to see a girl with real potentialities begin to develop.

Santa arrived in town last Christmas eve on a dog-sled, but in the midst of rain. We didn't have the white Christmas almost every one mentioned in cards and notes at that season. Christmas time was warm, both in the sense of the weather and the spirit.

Preparing for those days in a children's home was a busy time, leading from the elaborate school program of skits and puppet-shows through Santa's dispensing of candy-filled stockings on Christmas eve. There was, too, the thrilling caroling of children and adults from the church all through the village, bringing joy in a very real sense to homes poor and dark such as I have never seen before. The climax came on Christmas morning, with its wild stocking hunt all over the house, the immense ham dinner, and the exciting opening of gifts from parents, relatives or guardians.

After Christmas the tempo slowed and a common malady known as "cabin fever" set in throughout the community, expressing itself in tones of a somber monotony, and frequently by irritation at being so hemmed in and confined by the hardships of winter and the scarcity of jobs. I gave myself to Sunday school teaching, girl scout work, the missionary society, women's club, church fellowship groups, Christian education classes, and P.T.A. If there were no meetings during the hours the children were in school, there were always socks to be darned, new supplies to be ordered, or schedules to be planned.

Today my fourteen girls are poring over Sears' catalogue and the latest issue of *Seventeen*, ordering cotton skirts and bathing suits with tremendous enthusiasm. Miss Fisher, boys' supervisor, is busy planning her flower garden and the house vegetable garden. Our thirteen Haines House teenagers excitedly plan square dance parties for some of the boys and girls in town, while the twenty-four younger children look forward to their own casual party of relay races and games to be held later this month.

I'm immensely grateful for the privilege of this year here in Haines. It has definitely been a time for growing for me, whether or not I have actually accomplished any of my high intentions to make a creative contribution to these children's lives. Unexpected moments of real closeness, their spontaneous expressions of affection, or sudden indications of a sort of growth in understanding among some of them — these more than compensate.

I realize that miracles are not always accomplished overnight, and that God works in strange and mysterious ways. The important thing is to grasp the promise that, in the final analysis, His *is* the victory.

*(Miss Dawson, a 1953 graduate of Wellesley College, spent a year as "girls' house-mother" at Haines House, Haines, Alaska, last year. She plans to work for her Masters' degree in church history at Columbia University and Union Seminary this fall.)*

# HAINES ALASKA



Joseph M. Elkins

The backyard of Haines House has room for many wagons, barrels, and boys and girls. The front yard slopes down to the sea, where the children fish and go for boat rides.

The biggest house in the village of Haines, Alaska, is Haines House, your Friendship Frontier. The biggest family in Haines is the mission family. About thirty-six boys and

girls are part of it. They live in two big white buildings on the edge of the town with grown-ups who take care of them. Most of the children come from tiny fishing villages.



Haines House,  
Haines, Alaska

Dear Friends:

Hi. I'd like to write "hello" in my native language, Tlingit, but I can't. We Tlingits do not have an alphabet, so I cannot write a word down. In English our greeting means "Hello from the heart."

Most of the boys and girls at Haines House are Tlingit Indians. (When you pronounce the name of our tribe it sounds something like "Klink-it.") Our tribe lives in southeastern Alaska.

My name is Donald. I am fourteen years old. My sister, Hannah, is twelve; she lives at Haines House, too. Hannah and I are the only real orphans at Haines House. We have lived here for two years. We come from a tiny fishing village far from Haines. We flew here in an airplane.

This has been an exciting week. The first Haines Fall Fair was held in the recreation hall of the Presbyterian church. I entered the steer I have been taking care of all summer, and I won a red ribbon. The judges said that my steer wasn't fat enough for a blue ribbon. Our farmer, Mr. Lippincott, said that if I don't chase my calf around so much next year, he may grow fat enough to win a blue ribbon.

My sister won first prize in the best garden contest. I had a garden, too, but I didn't have much to show at the Fair. I planted carrots, and radishes, and turnips. They were so good that I ate them as soon as they were big enough. There wasn't much to judge.

The salmon were running this week, too, so Mr. Meyer, our supervisor, took the older boys up the river to fish. It was fun to watch the salmon fight their way up the rapids. Some of the boys had hip boots on, and they waded out into the stream. The rest of us tried to jump from boulder to boulder to get out into the middle where the fish were. I got so excited that I forgot that I didn't have hip boots and jumped right into the rapids. The water was ice cold, but I didn't notice it until I landed a salmon.

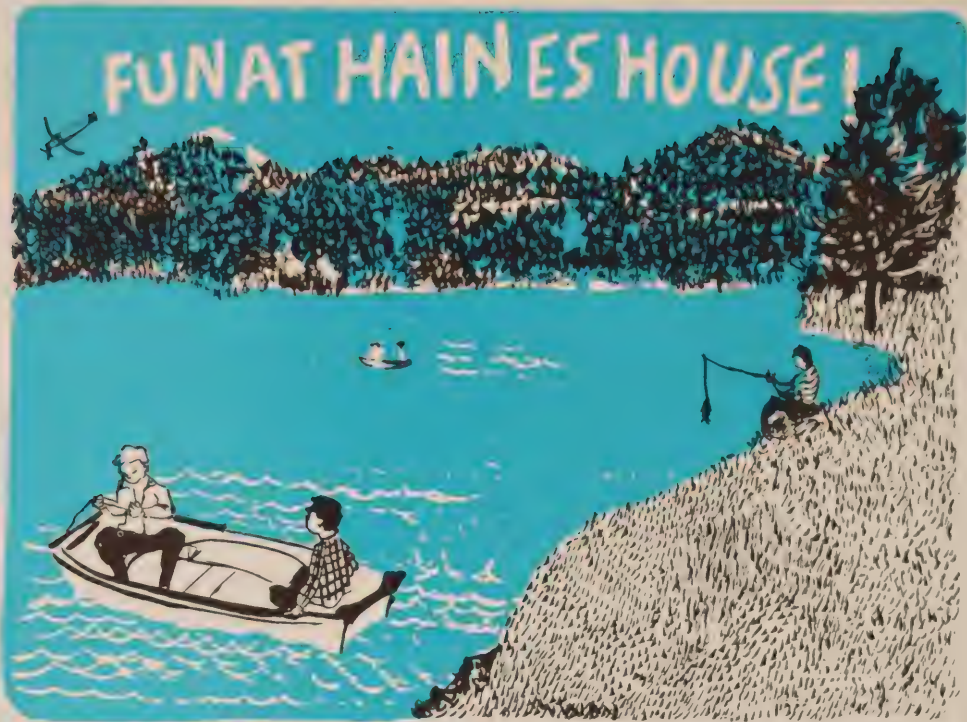
We all got so wet that we had to build a fire to dry out and warm up before we took our catch back home. Then we got back to Haines House, Mr. Jackson, our night watchman, helped us clean the salmon and cut it up for the freezer. He is a fisherman, and he knows just how to do it.

That night it was good to snuggle down under the blankets. Someone played records over the loudspeaker while we waited for Mr. Meyer to come and say goodnight. When he came in we got to talking about everything--school, the fair, our fishing trip, the salmon, the first snow on the mountains back of Haines. Then we got to talking about God, and about how we have a home here at Haines because boys and girls all over the world want to show us God's love.

I said that I wished I could think of a way to say thank you. Mr. Meyer said that the people who help us to have a home at Haines would understand if I just said "Hello from the heart" instead.

Your friend,

Don



DeeDee is the newest girl at Haines House. She's nine.

She says she's not sure whether she likes it or not, but she thinks she does.

Until last month DeeDee lived with her mother and father in a fishing village where the fog is often as thick as bear's fur. It's because of the fog that she moved to Haines.

One day there was an accident on her father's fishing boat. People heard it crash on the rocks, but they could not help because of the fog.

DeeDee's father will be in the hospital for many months. Until he can work again her mother took a job as a nurses' helper, and until her mother can stay home and take care of her, DeeDee will live at

Haines House and go to school.

DeeDee flew to Haines in a two-motored airplane. She likes to fly. When you look out you see things you never saw before—the way it can be sunny above the clouds and rainy beneath, the way fishing boats look like toys when you fly over them.

DeeDee likes many things at Haines—the children's pet goat, her friend Wilbur, her housemother and the stories she tells, and all the children she can play with.

She likes to sing in the children's choir of the Haines Presbyterian Church, too.

In fact, she likes everything about Haines, she says, except that her whole family doesn't live there.



# Children Under the MIDNIGHT SUN

By JEANNETTE DAWSON KAHLENBERG, '53

**G**RADUATION from Wellesley left me with a highly stimulated ambition to go out and "reform the world"—to God's glory—and my own. But that June my presumably laudable desire was sadly unfocused. Then my letter to the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., brought the offer of a job at their children's Home in Haines, Alaska. After a very slight hesitation, I accepted and was off for a wonderful year in the Far North.

Land of ice and snow, the midnight sun, the last frontier of America, Eskimos and igloos—such dramatic pictures as arose in my mind when I imagined my year there. And how different—but how rewarding—it was. I served as the Supervisor of fourteen Alaskan girls between the ages of seven and eighteen. In addition to my girls, there were twenty-two boys and pre-schoolers in the home, who together with our staff of ten made up our "Haines House family." Most of the children came from families torn apart by liquor and crime and had experienced in their young lives a sordidness which most Wellesley girls cannot even imagine. Some had been delinquent and were sent to us by the Territorial Department of Welfare. Others were from normal families living in little fishing villages or trapping centers far in the interior where there were no educational facilities. These children came to live with us and attend the public grade school in town. They were predominantly Indian, but also part-Eskimo or Filipino, Chinese or Swedish, Irish or Japanese. Yet, in many ways the children were not very different from those in the States. My girls, for example, all wore blue jeans and bobby-sox, collected pictures of movie stars and cheered wildly for the high school basketball team every Friday night.

**M**Y WORK at Haines House from the first filled me with great excitement and tremendous enthusiasm. As I wrote to my



*J. Elkins, Ed. Nat. Missions, Presbyterian Church, USA*

Learning at Haines House that cooking can be fun



friends, there did appear little connection at first glance between an International Relations major—and a job frying eggs singlehanded for forty people, scrubbing floors, patching jeans worn out by too much sliding, playing nursery rhymes on my flute, and most of all, calming the frequent temper tantrums, wailing sessions and fights.

If only all my children could learn to live together peacefully! Here lies the seed of all the tensions in international relations. So now I felt I was really struggling with some of the basic problems of world peace—and life! If it is true that wars begin in the hearts and minds of men, then certainly the place to begin working for peace is with individuals. And I personally became more and more convinced that the time to begin is when those individuals are young. What greed, what selfishness, what irrational dislikes and prejudices I found among my fourteen girls and how important it was that their youthful energies and enthusiasms be channeled creatively during this crucial—and mysterious—time of growing up. My major problem lay in the danger of becoming bogged down with tasks such as reminding the girls to sweep their rooms or pick up their clothes—and thereby losing sight of the larger work.

I often felt the life in Alaska was, in some way, like participating intimately in great music. At times there was lyric beauty in the joy of our work, lighting the days with warm tones of love. At other times the melody was in a minor key, strange and disturbing, or sharp and agitated; again it would be a tender lullaby or perhaps a light and frivolous gavotte. But always underneath ran the slow, sustaining tones of the bass—dying away to faintness or swelling in power and strength until I was caught up and borne aloft.

I may have thought in these terms because music was a source of such great joy to me personally during the long winter in Haines, and because of the way it touched the hearts of some of my children. The seven-to-eleven year-olds enjoyed our classical records, but the older girls, in their typically teen-aged conformity, preferred the "South Pacific" and Gershwin recordings to Brahms and Beethoven. Two girls, however, were significantly different in their response. These two came from the most disturbed backgrounds of all—one was the child of an alcoholic—the other, at age twelve, had just come to Haines House after being under police surveillance for four years. To them, music began to offer a real outlet for pent-up emotions and tensions. They lis-

Following her graduation from Wellesley in 1953, Jeannette Dawson Kahlenberg went to Haines, Alaska, to become a supervisor at a children's home run by the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church. In her charge were fourteen Alaskan girls between the ages of seven and eighteen. At the end of a year she returned to study at Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary, New York City, from which she expects to receive her Master's degree in Religion next month. In September she was married to Richard W. Kahlenberg, Assistant Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Madison, New Jersey, and as Director of the Christian Education program at the same church, she directs the program for a Church School of 1000 children.

tened with deep appreciation, but more than that, they themselves began to play—one the piano, the other, the organ—with a resulting creativity which was exciting to perceive.

How many unforgettable moments I have stored away in my memory! There was the excitement of the children when the first snow came in early October, unexpected and wonderful,—good packing for building snowmen—and for making snowballs with which to hit the supervisors. There was the fun of pulling taffy on rainy Sunday afternoons; ice skating and swimming; the hilarious antics of the littler ones in ancient dress-up clothes; the shy delight of a little part-Filipino girl when we gave her a doll for her seventh birthday. There was my merry chase after the Finnish girl who "borrowed" my diary—and read it; Irish Nora's blue ribbon on her cake at the 4-H Achievement Day; walking to the "show", a Japanese girl clutching one hand, an Eskimo the other. I remember, too, the time Connie left the house in a huff and a rain storm, saying she was going HOME, although I reminded her there was no plane until the next morning; and the sinking feeling I experienced when I discovered that one of the older girls had stolen the dues of my Girl Scout troop from my room. There was the struggle with Marie to get her to the visiting dentist's clinic and the weekly argument with Pacita about washing her hair. Yet all the annoying problems were forgotten when the same Pacita brought me a crudely drawn Mother's Day card, saying "I love you, Miss Dsawon!"

And so it went—a full life. The little town was every bit as organization-minded as the Wellesley campus ever was. I found myself involved in P.T.A., the Missionary Society's play, the Women's club, planning Hallowe'en costumes, serving as a

Scout leader, running a square dance benefit, teaching Sunday School, leading church fellowship groups and singing in the choir. The townspeople were very friendly, and I enjoyed spending my days off in their homes, eating moose steak, or joining in the gay folk-dances on Saturday evenings. The intellectual depth of the young minister and his wife was an unexpected stimulation to continued reading and thinking about larger problems beyond the borders of Haines. Yet this *was* Alaska and a sense of isolation from the outside world did envelop me at times. In winter, we drove forty-two miles up the highway and there at the Canadian border ran into a snowbank, for the road was not kept open. No other towns (except a tiny Indian village) could be reached, other than by a plane which was held up sometimes for days by bad weather. A monthly freighter brought us our necessary supplies. And there *were* days of freezing winds and blinding snowstorms (although the coldest temperature all year was only 10° below). Furthermore, it *was* a frontier—with some of the baffling problems which that term implies. Drunkenness, gambling and immorality were part of the picture, and they increased when construction workers began pouring into Haines to build a huge pipe line for the Federal Government. In the all-Indian, poverty-stricken village of Klukwan, twenty-two miles up the road, the unwritten Thlinget language is still the primary medium of speech. Homes on the outskirts of Haines and at Klukwan have no electricity. The children go to school at nine, in the darkness, and come home at four, as the sun is setting. But the kind of progress which counts, is the way Thlinget Indian and white women work together in church and Missionary Society . . . "In Christ there is no East or West. . . ."

So, ultimately, it was my faith in God, deepened by my Bible courses and nurtured in the Wellesley Chapel, which kept me going when I felt on the verge of despair. Only in the confidence that His is the final victory was it possible to transcend the discouragement which arose from watching the cruelty of child to child, of observing warped lives and deep-seated bitterness in the young people of Haines. Only in the assurance that He works in strange and mysterious ways could I keep on believing that perhaps, somehow, my hands might serve His purposes among the children of Alaska.



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M.H.

Haines House,  
Haines,  
Alaska



## After a Year at Haines House

JEANNETTE DAWSON

I OFTEN FEEL that living in Alaska is like participating in great music, at times in a minor key, strange and disturbing; at times, sharp and agitated; again, a warm, sweet lullaby.

Music assumed considerable importance in the Haines' community and church life, too, last fall. The last boat brought us a Baldwin electronic organ for our Presbyterian church, at present the only church in our town of 300. By early Thursday afternoon we had installed it as completely as we knew how, but a strange burbling distorted the tones, making the instrument unplayable. The chief electronics expert at Juneau promised to come the next day to help us.

The whole week had been clear and beautiful, but Friday dawned cloudy and downcast. Wind and rain prevented a plane from coming that day and Saturday. Sunday was clearer, but as our morning service began, the plane still had not arrived. We had to sing to the tones of the old pump organ, resurrected from the basement.

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